Johnny said he thought that was selfish. He owed him everybody money....

Warfarin said Johnny was the last person he'd told. The last person he'd even talked to.

Johnny said there was a streetcar every 20 minutes. Maybe one had his name on it....

*****

Later, Johnny started to think. What if Warfarin killed himself? Wasn't Johnny responsible? Of course he was. He could live with it. He meant legally. Could anybody live with Johnny, that was the question. Not very likely! Especially knowing what he knew, didn't exactly discourage, had even planted in his mind. He regretted the crack about the streetcar. You were lucky if you caught one in 45 minutes. He pictured Warfarin, tapping his foot in the gutter, arms crossed. Forget about the ten lousy dollars. Johnny figured their secret was safe. He just hoped nobody'd overheard them.

He felt he had to cover his ass. So he called Porko. Let's talk!

Johnny said he'd acted out in front of him. He thought he should call 911. Porko said it was a routine. A schtick. He'd called 911 lots of times. The cops were always coming to Velma's to take him away. To Thing Street. He threatened to jump off the roof of the food bank where he volunteered. Nobody thought he'd do it. Someone else did it. Which proved not that he never would, but that he always could. His last birthday party was a bust. Even the food bank got tired of his emotional blackmail, and sent a cop car over to take him into Thing Street for an assessment.

*****

Warfarin was mincing down Thing Street. He'd just hit Porko for 10 dollars. Literally. Fortunately he'd ducked the broom handle. The mop was still abandoned on the dark-varnished stairs, where he'd hurled it.

He wanted to get high. Gimme 10 dollars!

He had his head up his ass, via his cell-phone. He was typing to Muffy. He wanted to get high. He had 10 dollars. How much heroine could he get?

Muffy had been to Home Hardware just that morning. The white squirrels were spared!

*****

Warfarin didn't notice Johnny coming UP Thing Street.

Convergence of the twain.

Johnny said, HI THERE!

That was enough to set off his hair-trigger mechanism. He hung up on Muffy and started shouting.

Why was he MAD at DADDY?

Johnny calmly replied that he wasn't MAD at DA-DA at all. He was MAD at HIM. For being SUCH A SHIT!

Half the junky alkies of Thing Street peered out the dives from Emile Durkheim House to Aslyum Donuts. You rang?